THE Ages of Sin,

Sinnes Birth & growth.

With the Stepps, and Degrees of Sin, from thought to finall Impenitencie.

I

Suggestion.

Originall—Concupiscence Doth make
Our Nature like a foule great-Bellyed Snake;
For, wer not Sathan apt to tempt to Sin;
Yett, Lustfull-Thoughts would breed & brood, Within:
But, happie Hee, that takes These Little-Ones,
To Dash their Braines (Soone) 'gainst repentant-Stones.

2. Rumination.

When lust hath (thus) Conceiu'd, It brings forth Sin;
And Ruminating-thoughts Its Shape begin.
Like as the Beares oft-licking of her whelps,
That foule deformed Creatures Shape much helps.
The danger's great, our Sinfull thoughts to Cherish,
O stop thire growth, or thy poore Soule will perish.

If, Sinfull Thoughts (once) nestle in mans heart;
The Sluce is ope, Delight (then) playes its part:
Then, like the old-Ape hugging in his armes,
His Apiſh-young-One; Sin, the Soule becharmes:
And, when our Apiſh impious-Thoughts delight us,
Oh, then (alas) moſt mortally They bite us.

CONSENT. 4

For, where Sin workes Content, Consent will follow;
And, This, the Soule, into Sins Gulfe, doth swallow.
For, as two ravning Wolves (for, tis theire kinde)
To suck Lambs-blood, doe hunt with equall-minde:
Even so, the Soule & Sin Consent, in One,
Till, Soule & Body be quite overthrowne. /

5 Act.

Sin and the Soule (thus) having Stricken Hands,
The Sinner (now) for Action ready stands;
And Tyger-like swallowes-up, at One-bitt,
What euer impious Prey his Heart doth fitt:
Committing Sin, with eager greedynesse,
Selling his Soule to worke All wickednesse.

Iteration. 6

From eager-Acting Sin, comes Iteration,
Or, frequent Custome of Sins perpetration:
Which, like great Flesh-Flies liting on raw-Flesh,
Though oft beat-off, (if not kild) come afresh:
Hence, **Belzebub** *is term'd Prince of ffleſh-fflies,*
'Cauſe Sin, ſtill, Acts, vntill (by Grace) It Dies.

GLORIATION. 7

Cuſtome in Sin takes Senſe of Sin away.
This makes All-Sin ſeeme but a Sport, a play:
Yea, like a rampant-Lyon, proud and Stout,
Inſulting o're his Prey, ſtaulking about,
The Saucy-Sinner boaſts & braggs of Sinne.
As One (oh woe) that doth a Citty winne...

8

Obduration.

When Sinne brings Sinners to this fearefull pass,
What followes, but a hard Heart, Brow *of brass;*
A Heart (*I say*) *more hard then* Tortels-back,
Which, nether Sworde *nor* Axe *can hew or hack;*
Iudgements *nor* Mercies, *Treats nor threats can cause*
To leave-off Sin, *To love or feare* Gods *Lawes.*

9 FINALL- IMPENITENCY.

And (now, alas) what is Sins laſt Extent?
A hard-Heart makes a Heart Impenitent.
For, can a Leopard change his Spotted Skin?
No: Nor a Heart accuſtom'd (thus) his Sin
Then, Conſcience, headlong, caſts Impenitence
With horrid ffrights of Helliſh Recompence./

Ja. v. L. fecit.